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**WHY
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Elvis





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CONTENTS

HOW TO DRINK BEER.....	Mack Reynolds 8
MAN OR WOMAN?.....	10
THE SALESGIRL.....	Herb Oxstein 12
A BRUNETTE FOR THE PEEPER.....	Jim Harmon 14
WHY SEXY EARTHA STAYS SINGLE.....	"Buzz" Crane 16
WHY HOMOS HATE ELVIS.....	Kurt Rangerson 20
ENGLISHMEN MAKE BETTER WOLVES.....	Alice — 22
OPERATION PINUP—Rita Grable.....	24
MAKE YOUR OWN SEX SURVEY!.....	B. F. Shelton 28
OPERATION PINUP—Vicki Palmer.....	30
DAME WITH A TWIST.....	James Glenn 34
WHAT'S UNDER THE RUG?.....	Al James 36
IN LIKE FLYNN.....	Larry M. Harris 40

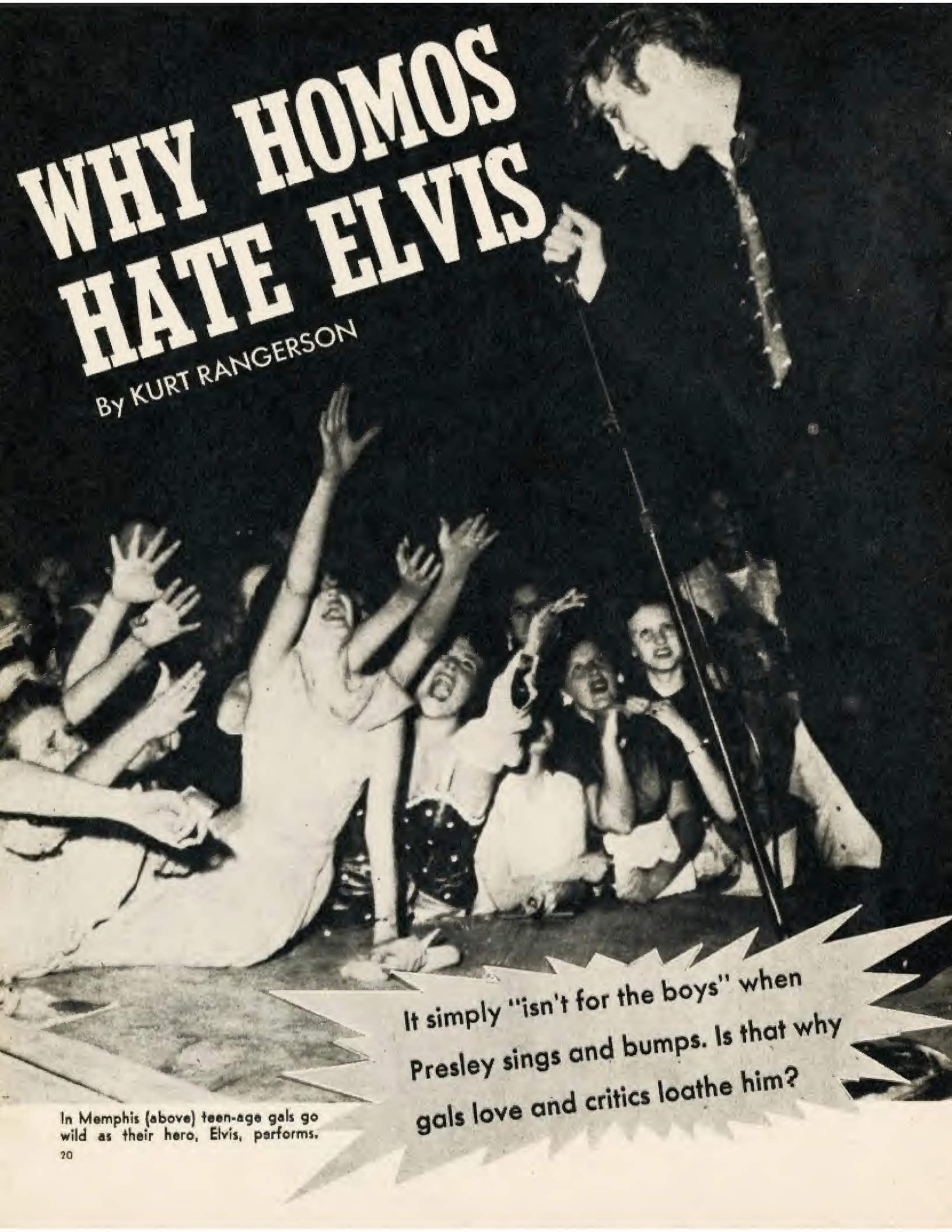
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WHY HOMOS HATE ELVIS

By KURT RANGERSON

It simply "isn't for the boys" when Presley sings and bumps. Is that why gals love and critics loathe him?

In Memphis (above) teen-age gals go wild as their hero, Elvis, performs.



Elvis is cornered by an eager reporter (above) in an NBC dressing room. Below, he makes a record for RCA Victor.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The interesting idea developed below by Mr. Rangerson does not necessarily reflect the point of view of either the editors or the publisher of this magazine.*

HAS it ever struck you how just a little old-fashioned man-woman type sex on TV makes critics and audiences mad, but that *other* forms of sex play get by and nobody—or almost nobody—raises an eyebrow?

Remember, for instance, when James Melton, back when he had a musical show, put his arm tight around the waist of his leading lady as they bowed together at the end of the program? The next day the network had a bushel of mail protesting this "obscene" gesture!

But what happens when Lewis jumps all over Martin and ends up in a leg clinch that can have only one meaning to anybody who knows what's what in this world we live in? Nothing happens, that's what; and this reporter has even gotten dirty looks when he's said that this comedy duo usually has something in its act to appeal to the sexually off-beat. (Don't get us wrong—it's well known that there's nothing odd about these lads personally—it's just the act we're talking about.)

And how about sadism, for our money about the ugliest device for sexual release? Half the time nobody says a word. In fact, lots of people won't admit what they're seeing is sadistic. (Continued on page 50)



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before dinner was ordered—but after the proper introductions were made—the Englishman made his apologies and left the visiting American and the girl together.

"What are you planning to do in England?" the girl asked, over the soup.

"I'm going to hire a car and drive around for a few days to see the country," the American explained.

"Oh, you must let me drive you,"

the girl said brightly. "I'm an excellent driver."

So Bob, at least, has seen the lake country, though his wife still doesn't quite dig those hospitable English customs.

No, men of America, don't let your gals go off to England, where no man is too busy or too old or too tired for wolfing. Keep them at home and go yourselves!

THE END

WHY HOMOS HATE ELVIS

(Continued from page 21)

We remember a typical bit of James Gleason humor, in which he played a mover who got a husband and wife trapped with an upright piano on a narrow plank stretching between two windows high above a cement courtyard. In the final scene, as Gleason departs, the plank is bending and due to crack any second.

We may, if we wish, imagine the splintering bones and timber about to pile up down below. But this is sadism? Nonsense! Just good clean humor for a good belly laugh.

Or so they say. It's clean—because there's no visible sex, no dangerous sex that might bring men and women together and result in babies!

WHY are the reactions so different when Elvis Presley steps on stage? You know—"Foul," "Degradation," and "Disgusting" are some of the words the critics have used. And J. P. Shanley, reviewing an Elvis TV stint last fall in the *New York Times*, listed him as one of the "non-musical participants" of the show and called him "a powerful argument in favor of compulsory military training."

We think the answer is obvious. It's not the Presley voice, which even his best friends never claimed was the greatest. Nor is it his grin, nor his physical gymnastics while singing. What makes some people mad is the meaning of his entire act.

When Presley sings, it's for the girls; when he lets loose that fleeting sly grin, that's for the girls; and when he gyrates—well, there you have it. It simply isn't for the boys.

The girls know it's all for them, and they love it. That's why they come in droves to squeal and scream and stamp and whistle. They're naive, simple minded. They think it's nice to have sex plain, the way nature intended.

The mature men and women among us, however, (maybe you call them the ossified squares) know better. They know that the ignition of such youthful enthusiasm between the sexes is wrong and dangerous. They may stumble a bit when they try to explain *why* it's wrong, but their conviction is unshakable.

If their motives are puzzling to you, too, then just imagine one simple change in the Presley act. When Elvis comes on stage, he's not alone. Instead he's with a young man about his own age. Together, they sing and clown. They gyrate if they want to, bounce into each others laps if they want to. They may use franker gestures than Elvis, sing worse and look sillier. The critics, however, won't get mad. At the most they'll yawn and say it was a bum show.

The reason? Simply because these two young men — together — were only behaving in the way young men behave together in every prep school and college dorm from coast to coast. Now parents, consciously, won't admit and don't want to know what goes on under such circumstances. Subconsciously, however, they know perfectly well—and they condone it.

They condone it because it has become accepted socially as the lesser of two evils.

As long as boys play with boys, and girls with girls, there won't be sudden new families around that can't support themselves, and sudden new babies around of embarrassing parentage. It's as simple as that.

And when Elvis sings "Baby, Let's Play House," "I Got A Woman," or "I Want You, I Need You," it's perfectly clear he's not singing about childish games. He's singing about a very adult game, appealing to a young audience, and giving support to a feeling of rebellion that young people feel in every generation and

probably feel especially strongly in this.

A NEWS dispatch last October from Romeo, Michigan, tells an interesting story about 52 high school seniors, boys, in the Community school. It seems these lads had been so taken by the Rock 'n' Roll craze that they adopted duck-tail haircuts and long sideburns a la Presley. The teachers complained, and the superintendent of schools commanded closer barbering for the 52.

What annoyed the teachers, however, appeared to be less the hairy appearance than what they described as the "defiant" attitude among the Presley devotees.

Now "defiance" may be mighty unpleasant around a high school, but we still want to ask a question:

Isn't it true that high school seniors are around eighteen years old?

Isn't it true that, at eighteen, they will be expected to go into the armed services, become soldiers and, if the need arises, die for their country?

Isn't it also true that, if they behave the way teacher says, they may be dead soldiers before they have ever known a woman?

And all this *being* true, is it surprising if they get to thinking about it and begin to feel that maybe they're not getting a square deal?

We'd like to turn J. P. Shanley's remark around: maybe compulsory military training is a powerful argument for Elvis Presley.

Certainly our young men have some reason to gripe at a society that demands a large contribution from them as men at the same time that it tries to deny them the privileges of manhood.

And let's face up to it: Elvis is a lot more wholesome and human than the latent and subconscious homosexuality that underlies far too many of our feelings. Maybe it's high time for a little rebellion among the younger set!

THE END

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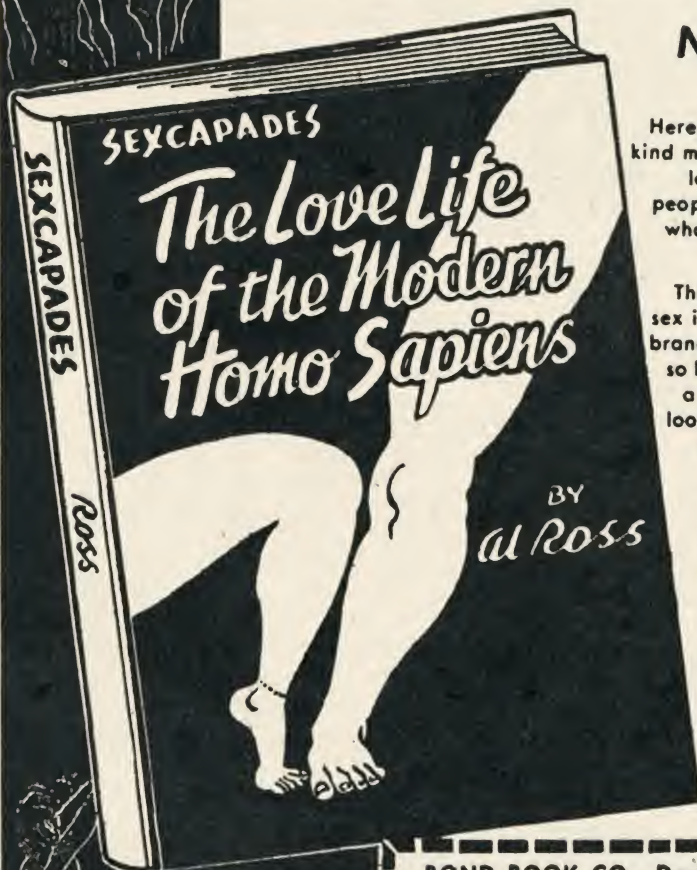
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